impressions is the sense of not being alone. I pay too much attention to those around me. For instance, I should have liked to be alone and see my aunt's handsome corpse (this is a hideous word). The first dead body I have seen. Then I could have forgotten my tears, and my mind would have wandered.

Pierre Louis was there. He has the kind thought, which I appreciate, of wishing our friendship to be serene and strong in sorrows. I felt him to be better than I; more naturally and without trying to prove it to himself. Indeed, after having seen Andre,[2] I wonder what affection is and doubt whether I really love anyone. . . . And yet my heart vibrates with pity, oh! with an infinite pity, at every sorrow I meet.

If I had been alone, I would have kissed that little servant girl who was sobbing near me, shaken by grief. It was heartbreaking to hear her.

*January*

I had always felt vaguely that I communicated my zeal to others, but that they lacked the divine spark. I make an exception of Pierre, of course. When I excited them, I used to feel that they were almost on my level of enthusiasm and boldness.

Then it was that J. wanted to come in and that I saw the mediocrity of their writings.

Andre Walckenaer, if he wrote, would write too well; but he does not feel the need of wilting; the work of others is enough for him. Leon Blum does not know; he is still seeking; he is groping; has too much intelligence and not enough personality. Fazy imitates Mendes too subtly; one can't make out what belongs to the pupil and what to the master. Drouin deserts charmingly, with a modesty that sounds so frank I like him for it. And I am left alone with my bankrupt hopes.

Nevertheless, so powerful is my enthusiasm, so naive my faith, that

all this amuses me and I cannot believe in my defeat. If I had more wit, more talent, and above all a more supple personality, less interested in asserting itself — I could have launched the review [3] alone with Louis, or almost alone, playing the parts of several people without anyone's suspecting it. . . . But such a feat is repellent to me; I could not keep it up.

My pride is constantly being irritated by a thousand minute slights. I suffer absurdly from the fact that everybody does not already know

[2] Andre Walckenaer. [A.]

[8] Louys and Gide dreamed of founding a literary review to add to those which were burgeoning under the influence of the symbolist movement. *La Conque,* edited by Louys, finally appeared in March 1891 and ran for eleven numbers, limited to 100 copies each. Several fragments by Gide and many of Val6ry?s early poems appeared in it